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T H E

I N Q U I S I T O R ;

O R,

I N V I S I B L E R A M B L E R.

I N T H R E E V O L U M E S.

By M r s . R O W S O N ,

A U T H O R O F V I C T O R I A .

V O L . I .

Printed for G. G. J. and J. ROBINSON,
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M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

INQUIRY
LADY OF THE BURN

THE HISTORY OF THE

MOST HUMILIATING
IN THE RE-
AS A SMALL MARK OF ATTITUDE

WHICH WILL BE THE

BY THE W. C. O. N.

AUTHOR OF THE

HER LADYSHIP

MUCH MORE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE



TO
LADY COCKBURNE

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE
MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED,
AS A SMALL MARK OF THE GRATITUDE
WHICH WILL EVER GLOW UNDIMINISHED
(WHILE LIFE REMAINS)

IN THE BREAST OF
HER LADYSHIP'S

MUCH HONOURED,

OBLIGED HUMBLE SERVANT,

SUSANNA ROWSON.

LADY CORBURN

FRANCIS & CO.

I CAN tell you the
necessity of it; there are num-
bers of books published without
pretence.

But you must consider, that
my friend, that the book absolu-
ly requires a great deal of the ad-
ventures of a great man to hold
it a magic ring, and to keep
those adventures in written form.

T H E
P R E F A C E.

I CAN'T for my life see the necessity of it, said I; there are numbers of books published without prefaces.

But you do not consider, said my friend, that this book absolutely requires a preface—it is the adventures of a gentleman who possessed a magic ring: and seemingly those adventures are written by him-

self, but you give no account how they came into your hands ?

Why they came into my hands through my brain, friend, said I. — These adventures are merely the children of Fancy. I must own that the best part of them originated in facts.

But why do you make your Inquirer a man ? said he.

For a very obvious reason, I replied. A man may be with propriety brought forward in many scenes where it would be the height
of

of improbability to introduce a woman. — I might, to be sure, continued I, have introduced the following pages by saying I had found them in a hackney coach; or met with part of them by accident at a pastry cook's or cheefemonger's, and being interested by the narrative, I sent back for the remainder; or they might have been left in a lodging by some eccentric old gentleman who had lived there for many years; and thinking the world would be greatly obliged to me for suffering such a valuable manuscript to be printed, I was prevailed on by the earnest entreaties of my friends, to
 commit

commit it to the hands of the bookfeller.

I know, Sir, this is the usual method of ushering these kind of publications into the world — but, for my own part, I will honestly confess that this work was written solely for my amusement. As to the motives that induced me to publish it, they can be of no consequence for the reader to be informed of, therefore they shall remain a secret.

But sure, said my friend, you
will make some apology for attempt-
ing

ing to write in the style of the inimitable Sterne?

Is the person required to make an apology who copies a portrait painted by an eminent master, said I; or should he fail of retaining in his copy, the fine strokes, the beautiful and striking expression in the features of the faultless original; is he to tear his picture, or commit it to the flames, because he has not the genius of the artist whose work he copied? Or, suppose a man admired his Sovereign's exalted virtues, and with a laudable ambition strove to imitate them; is he, because he is

conscious

conscious of not having the abilities to shine in the most eminent degree, not to endeavour to imitate them at all ; or to hide from the world the progress he makes ?

“No, certainly, said my friend ; but have you the vanity to suppose that your writings are the least tinctured with that spirit and fire, which are so conspicuous in the works of your bright original ?

By no means, said I ; but I think as the stars shine brightest when neither the sun nor moon are in the firmament, so, perhaps, when the
works

works of Sterne are not at-hand, the Inquisitor may be read with some small degree of attention, and afford the reader a little amusement ; but should Maria, or Le Fevre, make their appearance, its weak rays will be extinguished by the tear of sensibility, which the lovelorn virgin and dying foldier would excite.

Then you do not intend to write a preface ? said my friend.

Upon my word, I replied, I have begun several, but I never could write one to please me ; so I have at last determined to publish it without,

out, and leave it to the readers to form what conjecture they pleased concerning how I came possessed of the papers which contained the adventures.

That will never do, said he, shaking his head.

Then prithee, my good friend, said I, do write a preface for me ; for here have I been hammering my pericranium and biting my nails these two hours, without being able to beat out a single sentence either introductory or prefatory.

Suppose

Suppose, said he, you present your readers with our conversation; it will be better than no preface at all.

It was a lucky thought, and I instantly set about it.

Gentle reader, I here commit to your kind patronage this offspring of Fancy; my characters are not pointed at particular persons, except one or two, where gratitude involuntarily guided my pen; it was then I delineated the characters of a Lady Allworth, and the family of the amiable sisters at H-m—rs—th.

As

As to those characters which appear in an unamiable light, I neither wish or mean for any person to say that is meant for Mr. or Mrs. such a one ; but I would wish every person who may think the character was designed for themselves, to remember that the likeness was accidentally taken, and it is conscience only that makes it appear so striking to their imagination.



THE

THE
INQUISITOR.

THE PETITION.

I SHOULD like to know the certainty of it, said I, putting the petition into my pocket.—It contained an account of an unfortunate tradesman reduced to want, with a wife and three small children.—He asked not charity for himself, but them.—I should like to know the certainty of it, said I—there are so many feigned tales of distress, and the world is so full of duplicity,

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that

that in following the dictates of humanity we often encourage idleness.—Could I be but satisfied of the authenticity of this man's story, I would do something for him.

Will your honour please to send an answer?—said the child, that brought the petition.

I had forgot her—by the unaffected innocence of her countenance, she could scarcely have been nine years.—Meekness smiled in her sweet eyes—what a lovely flower, said I—'tis a pity the chilling breath of sorrow should visit thee too rudely—I gave her half a guinea, and bid her tell her father to come to me the next morning.

THE WISH.

HOW happy should I be if some good fairy, as in days of yore, would give me the power of visiting, unseen, the receptacles of the miserable, and the habitations of vice and luxury.—What a satisfaction I should feel in rewarding and supporting merit ; or withdrawing the veil, and discovering the hideous aspect of Hypocrisy. Besides, says self-love, I should then have an opportunity of discovering the sentiments of the world concerning myself. I should find my real friends, and detect my enemies.—If half my fortune could procure such a power, I would freely give it.

Search your heart, replies a soft voice, and see if it is not an unwarrantable curiosity, rather than a real wish to do good, that now inspires you.

It is strange, said I; I hear a voice, but see no person near me; surely I do not dream!

Be not surprised, continued my invisible companion, I am your guardian genius, and have it in my power to comply with your wishes, provided they are corrected by reason.—Look on that table and you will see a ring, which, when on your finger, will render you invisible; and, as long as humanity, honour, or friendship, leads you to use it, it will contribute to your happiness; but

but whenever you endeavour to make it subservient to any unworthy purpose, it will lead you into innumerable difficulties.

I thanked the kind genius, instantly seized the treasure, put it on my finger, and, eager to try the experiment, walked out.

THE STREET.

I'LL bet you ten to one, said a noted gambler to another ; — they were walking arm in arm—I'll bet you ten to one I am married before this day fortnight. —You are a lucky dog, Cogdie, replied his companion, to obtain so lovely a woman as Melissa, and twenty thousand pounds into the bargain.

D.—n the woman, said the wretch, it is the money I want : by Heavens I have not five guineas left in the world, and am twice as many hundred in debt. If I do not succeed in this matrimonial scheme, I shall go to limbo.—There's an old prying cat of a maiden aunt
stands

stands devilishly in the way, or I could easily dupe the old dad.—As to Meliffa herself, she's such a mere simpleton in the ways of the world, that it requires but a small share of art to make her believe almost any thing.

By this time they had reached the house of the intended victim, when finding my ring had the desired effect, I entered the house with her betrayer. His companion wished him good morning, and I, without hesitation, followed him up stairs.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

A VENERABLE old man was sitting on a sofa; the hoary ornaments of his head inspired the mind with awe, while the benignity of his countenance encouraged and invited friendship.—Beside him, reading Thompson's Seasons, sat his daughter, lovely and blooming as Aurora, when with rosy fingers on a sweet May morn she unbars the gates of light.—As Cogdie approached, her features were enlivened with a glow that plainly told me her heart was not her own; and the cordiality with which her father received him, evinced the integrity of his own heart, as he suspected not the integrity of another.

After

After the usual compliments, the little party being seated, Cogdie informed the old gentleman that he had been prevented the honour of dining with him that day by a tradesman to whom he owed about thirty pounds, which, as he had not lately received remittances from his father, he found it inconvenient just then to pay; that the man would take no denial, but had threatened to arrest him. I must be obliged to borrow this paltry sum, continued he, till I can write again to my father. —You shall not be distressed for such a trifle, said the old gentleman, I will lend it you.

He left the room to get the money, when the unfeeling Cogdie made use
of

of that opportunity to persuade the heedless unsuspecting Meliffa to elope.

Thou art worse than a midnight ruffian, said I—thou art stealing the peace of a man who is at this moment contributing to thine. They had just time to appoint the day, hour, and place of rendezvous, when Meliffa's father returned with the money. — I had heard enough, and quitted the room as the old gentleman entered.

THE

THE REFLECTION.

THAT a man who has a wife and numerous family of children, and sees them plunged in the deepest distress, should rob to keep them from starving, is not a matter of surprise — and while stern Justice holds the balance, angel-like pity gently turns the scale. — But that a man in full health and vigour, with strength and abilities to support himself, who has no weeping wife or famished children to urge him to the deed; should cozen and defraud his best friend, debauch the morals of an innocent girl, and plunge her into ruin, only to obtain a larger share of sordid ore, is to me unaccountable. It is an act

act that makes humanity shrink back aghast : Justice with frowns unsheaths her sword, and pity weeps but for the offender's crimes.

I will rescue Melissa, said I—she may hereafter thank me. The thought filled my mind with unusual complacency. I enjoyed in idea the satisfaction and gratitude of her father, when he beheld his darling rescued from the jaws of destruction.

It was a fine evening in the month of June ; so removing the ring from my finger, I stepped into a fruiterer's, purchased a pottle of strawberries, walked into the Park, and seated myself in one of the chairs. — My mind was at that moment

moment a sort of vacuum, my thoughts unemployed, when casting my eyes upon the paper that covered the strawberries, I perceived it was part of a fairy tale, but wrote in an uncommon poetic stile.

THE

THE FRAGMENT.

FAIR Cynthia now, bright Empress of the night,
 Mounted her azure throne with diamonds studded ;
 Her modest face, veil'd in a fleecy cloud,
 Which, as it partly hid, heighten'd her beauties.
 When fair Alzada, weary and forlorn,
 Pensive sat down beside a murm'ring stream,
 With nought to shield her from nocturnal dews,
 Saving an ancient oak, whose sturdy boughs
 Had brav'd the storms of many a winter past.
 Her lovely head reclin'd upon her hand ;
 Her eyes were rais'd with fervour toward Heav'n,
 In those bright orbs started a pearly drop,
 Which, as it fell, another took its place,
 And that, too, fell and kiss'd its pleasing way
 In quick succession down her ruby cheeks.
 " Ah ! me," she cried, " how wretched is my fate,
 " Forc'd from my royal parents, and my home ;
 " What hospitable roof will now receive me,
 " Or where shall poor Alzada lay her head.

" In

" In this lone wild I see no trace of mortals ;
 " No lowing herds bespeaks a mansion near ;
 " No bleating flock breaks this most solemn silence ;
 " And ere another heavy hour is past,
 " Perhaps some savage monster, fierce for prey,
 " On me may satisfy his craving hunger."

The genius Abradan beheld her sorrows ;
 In a plain rustic form concealed his own,
 And thus address'd the sadly weeping fair.

" Fair daughter of affliction, follow me ;
 " I come to lead you to a festive board,
 " Where social mirth and innocence preside,
 " And where the smiling host shall bid you wel-
 come."

The trembling Princess left her mossy seat,
 And without speaking, follow'd her kind guide.
 When sudden clouds obscur'd the face of Heav'n ;
 The thunders roll'd, the forked lightnings flash'd,
 And all around was horror and amazement ;
 Alzada sunk in terror to the ground.
 A death-like swoon seal'd up each active sense.
 The tempest ceas'd. She rais'd her fearful eyes,

And

And saw before her a fair lofty palace :

The gates were solid brass ; and the supporters
Marble, twin'd round with vine leaves wrought
in gold.

She enter'd, and was instantly surrounded
By seven young virgins, clad in azure blue,
With alabaster vases in their hands,
Who paid the homage to a princess due.
They shed around her numberless perfumes,
And o'er her threw a robe, of spotless white,
Then led her to a room within the palace,
Where, on a throne of amethyst and gold,
There sat a Monarch of majestic port ;
Who, rising, welcom'd the admiring princess,
And plac'd her on a shining throne beside him.
They brought her baskets of the choicest fruits,
And water from the purest limpid stream.
Alzada being refresh'd, rose from her seat,
And thus address'd the master of the feast.

“ Who e'er thou art, great King, whose magic
“ pow'r,

“ Has brought me to this place, where farthest Ind'

“ Seems

“ Seems to have empti’d her exhaustless store
 “ To add to its magnificence :
 “ Say, can you guide a helpless wandering maid,
 “ To find the home where late she was so blest ;
 “ From whence the forcerefs Zelubia forc’d her,
 “ And left her parents to bewail her loss.”

To which the Monarch, with a smile, replied,
 “ Lovely Alzada, fairest of thy sex,
 “ Whose charms triumphant rule this royal heart,
 “ Dry up thy tears. By this right hand I swear,
 “ Ere Phœbus harnesses his fiery steeds,
 “ And leaves his sea-green couch to visit mortals,
 “ I will conduct you to your father’s court,
 “ And guard you from the vile Zelubia’s pow’r.
 “ Slaves, bring my chariot. Bid the virgins wait,
 “ And strew fresh flowers where’er Alzada treads.”

The chariot was of curious workmanship,
 Ivory, gold, coral, and precious stones ;
 Around it hover’d little laughing loves ;
 And on each side were rang’d fair village maids,
 With lutes, and harps, tabors, and shepherds’ pipes,
 Singing and playing soft harmonious airs.
 Eight milk-white steeds,

I turned the paper, but there was no more—There are times when the mind is affected by mere trifles ; such now was my case—I was vexed at not finding the conclusion of the story, and determined to go back to the fruiterer's, and inquire if they had the remainder.—A few moments brought me to the place.

THE

THE FRUITRER'S.

A CROUD was assembled before the door. Forgetting what I came for, friend, said I—addressing myself to the master of the shop, can you tell me the cause of this bustle?—It is a very extraordinary one, Sir, he replied. — A boy about ten years old, going to a shop hard bye to purchase something for his mother, was recollected by a tradesman to whom his father owed a considerable sum of money, and who had just before employed a bailiff to arrest him.—The man inquired of the child where his father lived, and upon his refusing to tell, offered him money, and promised him a great many fine things; but find-

ing that plan equally ineffectual, he proceeded to threats. Upon which, the boy burst into tears, and seating himself upon some steps opposite, declared he would stay there all night rather than give them an opportunity of sending his father to jail.

The boy has the spirit of a Roman, said I.—How many a man will feel the blush of conscious guilt upon his cheek, when he shall be told of this ; for, Oh ! shame to humanity and manhood, how many would sell their country thro' avarice, or betray it thro' fear.—While this magnanimous boy refuses a bribe, tho' poverty might induce him to take it, and dares brave the threats of an inhuman wretch, rather than betray his father,

father, though his childhood might excuse even cowardice.—I will go and speak to the creditor, said I—perhaps I may persuade him to drop his design of arresting the poor man, and then I will follow the boy home.

THE CREDITOR.

PRAY, Sir, how much does this boy's father owe you ?

Eighteen pounds, replied the man.

And are you really distressed for the money ?

No ; thank my prudence for that ; I have taken care of the main chance, and not like Heartfree, loved others more than myself.

I fear you have not loved them so well, my friend.

Why

Why no, to be sure ! I follow the first law of nature, self-preservation.

And why not follow the first rule of Christianity, to do as you would be done by ?

Why look ye, Sir ; I always pay my debts punctually, and I expect others should pay me as punctually.

Certainly. — But suppose a man who has an honest heart, should, by unavoidable misfortunes, be rendered unable to discharge his debts ; is it not better to trust to his honour, rather than by confining him, put it entirely out of his power to pay you at all ?

Trust to his honour—eh! you know but little of this world, to talk at that rate: why this very Heartfree was ruined by trusting to a person's honour. An old officer lodged in his house for many years, borrowed money of him, run in his debt for linen for his whole family, and when I have talked to Heartfree about the impropriety of his conduct in not asking for payment, he would answer — I am sure he will pay me whenever he has it in his power—but before it was in his power, he died, leaving four children without the least support. The eldest was about twenty; a fine young girl to be sure, but she had been brought up in idleness. She could embroider, draw, dance, sing, and play upon the spinnet; but that
 would

would not keep her; so I advised Heart-free to try and get her a place to wait on a lady. To put the two younger girls out apprentice, and take the boy to go of errands, clean shoes, knives, &c. in his own kitchen; but he forsooth said no; the children of a man who had spent his days in the service of his country, should never want an asylum while he had a house; nor the innocent orphans want a friend, while he lived: so he married the eldest, and put her sisters to school, where, luckily, they both died. — The boy he sent to the East Indies about seven years ago, after spending an enormous sum on his education. — His wife bred very fast, and was quite the fine lady; so what with extravagance, and a few losses, from
being

being one of the first linen-draper in the city, he is become a bankrupt, and, as I suppose, has not bread to eat.

And for his humanity, said I—you would reward him with a prison; rob his wife and children of their only comfort, the presence of their father and their friend—and of what use will it be to you?

I don't know that it will be of much use to *me*, he replied; but it will teach Heartfree to remember himself before others, another time.

The remembrance of what he has done for others, said I, so far from fitting painful on his mind, will smooth the

the

the thorny pillow of distress, and make even a prison pleasant; he shall sleep soundly on a bed of straw, and dream of those whose sorrows he has lightened, while you shall feel scorpions on a bed of down: nor shall the sweet restorer of tired nature visit you, unless it be to fright you with some dreadful vision of prisons and starving wretches.

I turned from him with honest indignation, and calling to the fruiterer, gave him the money to discharge the debt.—I would not trust myself to speak to the man again who could so shamefully trample on the laws of humanity.—The poor boy was weeping, his face hid with his hands. Go home, child, said I—your father's debt is paid. He staid
not

not to thank me ; but the pleasure that sparkled in his eye, the agility with which he sprang from his seat, and flew towards his home, conveyed a greater pleasure to my heart, than the most eloquent effusions of gratitude.—I was willing to be a witness of his relating the story to his parents ; so putting on my ring, I followed him unseen.

THE

THE FAMILY.

AS I ascended a narrow winding staircase, I perceived in a small room, the door of which was partly open, an elegantly-formed woman, sitting on the side of a wretched bed, on which lay a man, the picture of famine. On her knee sat a lovely infant, who with her little hand was wiping off the tears that trickled down her mother's cheeks. — The little boy, breathless with impatience, rushed into the room—Papa—Mama—'tis paid—you shall not go to prison—I would not tell where you lived; indeed he was very angry; but that good gentleman—

My

My dear boy, cried the fond mother, why do you talk so incoherently? Who has frightened my child? What is the matter with you?

He endeavoured to tell his story with propriety. — It was in vain, joy had entirely unconnected his ideas; but he made himself understood.

Oh! thou sensualist, couldst thou but in imagination taste the luxury of my feelings at this moment, thou wouldst henceforth forego the gratification of thy grosser appetites, to feast thy mind with the highest of human pleasures.

I saw the honest fruiterer enter with some supplies which I had judged might
be

be necessary for people in their condition. He repeated every circumstance, only concealing my name.

I was preparing to leave the room, when a child entered, whom I instantly knew to be my little petitioner — I will see thee again to-morrow, said I—but will now seek my lovely Emma, and engage her in thy behalf.

THE

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THE

THE RESOLUTION.

IT was more than I could conveniently afford, said I — when I found how much money I had expended — Twenty pounds is a good sum, but it will cost me much more before I have placed Heartfree in a situation more suitable to his merit — but no matter, I will discharge one of my servants : why should I keep two footmen, when a man of greater worth is in want of even the common necessities of life ? — my dear Emma will, I am sure, agree to this proposal. — My phaeton and horses, too, I will dispose of ; one carriage is enough ; what business have I with superfluities ? the money this requires will be much better

better employed in relieving the unfortunate. I will be generous, but I will not be imprudent—my Emma, and her dear little Harriet, shall not suffer for my benevolence.

I had reached my own mansion; a smile of cheerfulness, that ever graced my Emma's face, bade me welcome.

I communicated my proposal, and related Heartfree's case. — She smiled assent, and the smile was rendered doubly enchanting, accompanied by the tear of sensibility.

Retiring, I passed thro' my Harriet's chamber — sweet are the slumbers of the innocent. I feasted my eyes upon

her infant beauties, and retired to rest with a mind so serene, that I envied not the greatest monarch, and forgave even my bitterest enemies.

THE

THE MORNING RAMBLE.

WHO will pretend to say that early rising does not afford us many pleasures, and contribute to our health?—how charming to see the beauteous orb of day, rising supremely bright, to enliven nature, and tinge with gold the lofty mountains' tops. — The country is the place to enjoy these beauties; but even near London we may find pleasant walks. — I had ascended a hill—how charming was the prospect—fields crowned with rising plenty; the peasants blithly singing as they labour.—These people seem happy, but they are not to be envied; they work hard for their bread, and if their rude, unpolished minds are callous

and unfeeling in distress, they are likewise insensible to many of the pleasures that await them; the works of nature afford them no satisfaction, because they cannot contemplate their beauties; yet their minds are suited to their station; refinement would be no blessing to them, and the best security the peasant has for happiness, is ignorance.

These were my reflections, as I rambled towards Hampstead.

Give me a draught of milk, my dear, said I, to a rosy damsel.—She blushed, curtsied awkwardly, and complied—she trembled as she presented it.

Were

Were you ever in love? said I, as I took the milk.

Never but once, and please your honour.

And are you not in love now?

No.

No! and how happens that?

I am going to be married to-morrow.

And you don't think love necessary in matrimony?

Father says I shall love my husband as soon as I am married.

And pray who was you in love with ?

Colin ; his cottage was close by ours ; we were born on the same day, and when we were children, we used to play together. If Colin had some fruit, he would save a part for me ; and when strange gentlemen or ladies gave him halfpence, he shared them with me ; when we grew older, he would tend my sheep, watch my young lambs, and bring home my cows ; and if I'd had a brother, your honour, he could not have been kinder, nor, I am sure, I could not have loved him better ; so he asked father to let us be married ; but Colin was but a shepherd's boy, and I was father's only child, so he said he could give me fifty pounds, and I might have

have a better match than Colin—so we kissed and parted—and to-morrow I am to be married to farmer Willson, who is old and lame, but he says I shall have a mort of fine things—tho', to tell the truth, I had rather wear my own linsay jacket, and be married to Colin.

And so you shall, my sweet simple rustic, said I—Her father was one of my tenants—I took out my pocketbook, wrote a line or two on my tablet, and bade her give it to her father.

What a curse this pride is, said I, as I directed my steps towards London—but that this haughty dame should stoop to inhabit a cottage, is wonderous strange—Why a peer of the realm could but

have made his daughter miserable, to preserve the dignity of his house—but in the name of common-sense, what has a peasant to do with pride of family?

THE

THE INN YARD.

MY dear friend, you are heartily welcome to town, said a spruce-dressed citizen, as he helped his country friend to alight from the Norfolk stage. Pray come home with me ; I expect you will make my house your own while you stay in town ; there is nothing in my power I will not do to make it agreeable to you. I have depended upon your company ; my whole house is at your service.

This over-acted complaisance made me suspect his sincerity, or that he had some sinister point in view ; so putting my ring on my finger, I followed them home.

THE DISCOVERY.

I AM greatly obliged to you, said the country gentleman, as he sat down to the breakfast table ; the invitation you have given me is very acceptable ; I have lost the estate I have been so long at law about, for want of sufficient evidence ; and after I have paid the costs, I shall not have more than two hundred pounds left, with which I mean to purchase an annuity ; therefore I shall make your house my home, till I can settle my affairs.

It may be some time before you can settle your business to your satisfaction, replied the citizen, his features contracting

ting into cold civility; and I expect a gentleman to take my first floor in about a week; I am very sorry I cannot accommodate you longer.

My dear Mr. Woollet, cried the wife, hastily entering, I am vastly glad to see you.

Mr. Woollet has lost his lawsuit, my dear, said the husband.

The smile of welcome was instantly changed into a look of amazement—She had advanced to give him her hand, but on his attempting to salute her, she withdrew her cheek, exclaiming I am sorry for his disappointment—and began to make the tea.

He

He drank two dishes of tea, and then asked his friend to lend him two guineas; — He had it not in the House. — Trade was very precarious — again mentioned his expected lodger, and recommended a mean room to his friend at half a crown per week, in an obscure lane in the city.

Oh! self-interest, how dost thou deaden every virtue; lead to hypocrisy and vice, and make us what we should be ashamed to own, mean, avaricious, and unfeeling. — Would I change the feeling heart for all the interested views this world affords? Oh, no! — give me sensibility to feel another's woe, and I shall then feel, as I ought, my own happiness.

THE SURPRISE.

IT is vexatious, said Mr. Woollet, as he arose from breakfast, that I cannot stay here, as I have no ready money to procure a lodging. — No answer was made.

Can't I have a room on your second floor, Mrs. Saveall?

Really, Sir, they are all occupied.

I do not know what to do; I must beg you to lend me half a guinea till next week.

I cannot, upon my word, Sir.

Mr.

Mr. Woollet summoned up a look of expressive anger and contempt, and fixing his eyes on his false friend, cried, He who can refuse half a guinea to my necessities, shall never share my prosperity. Know, selfish man, I have gained my cause, and am, at this moment, master of two thousand pounds per Annum. Then turning from them, hastily left the house.

I stood for a moment to view their confusion; they spoke not a word, but giving each other the keenest looks of reproach, separated in sullen silence.

At that instant, Heartfree shot across my mind, I quitted the house, and removing the ring from my finger, walked home.

THE

THE BREAKFAST.

SHE was listening with attention to Heartfree, who was relating the story of last night. She knew it before, but still it was pleasing, for it was in praise of the man she loved. — Harriet had made an acquaintance with my little petitioner; was displaying her toys, and teaching her to dress her doll.

I have made you wait, my Emma, said I — Heartfree rose from his seat, bowed, and cast down his eyes, while his cheeks were dyed with crimson — it was a blush neither expressive of guilt nor shame — it was a blush occasioned only
by

by the pain a noble heart feels when in a state of despondence. I took no notice of it, but began a conversation on indifferent subjects — his confusion gradually decreased, and in less than half an hour was quite dissipated.

I settled a plan for his future subsistence—he left me in haste to carry the joyful tidings to his wife—he was beyond expression happy, nor was I a jot behind him in that particular.— My Harriet could not part with her little playfellow. — She shall live with you, Harriet, said I ;—so she shall, papa, and ride in my coach, and wear my fine things—won't you, Lucy?

She

She looked up at me with a countenance I shall never forget.

And shall I never see mama, then?
and must *she* still live in that dark room?

I was willing to try her.—You shall stay here, Lucy, said I, but you must not see your mama, nor can I help her living in that little dark room.

She surveyed the apartment she was in, as though making a comparison.

It is a fine place, said she; but if my mama cannot take a part of these fine things, I had rather go home again.

Oh! exclaimed Emma, who can say
VOL. I. E that

that Heartfree is poor; fate has indeed robbed him of his wealth, but Heaven in return has given him an invaluable treasure in his children.

THE

THE LESSON.

IT was about two years after, when my Emma, Harriot, Lucy, and myself, were on a visit to Heartfree.—His brother had returned from India with a fortune equal to their most sanguine wishes. — In rural retirement, about twenty miles from London, they lived in complete happiness, having been taught the value of present blessings, by past scenes of sorrow.

It was a night when the contending elements seemed to threaten the earth with dissolution; the forked lightning rived the sturdy oaks; the bursting and almost incessant peals of thunder made

all nature tremble. — The whirlwind raged, the gleaming meteors shewed the distant foaming sea, its proud unfettled waves that seemed to wage war with the black impending sky. — It was a night of horror. — It was a night to make a man remember on what a slender thread his life depends. The vast universe is but an atom that with one blast from the Creative Power might vanish into air, and leave no trace of planets, earth, or sea, but all again be universal chaos.

It ceased. The moon broke from behind a jetty cloud, tinged round with silver—the wind passed gently over the trees and herbage, whose leaves had caught the late descending shower, and glittered in the moon beams.

The

The tempest was dreadful, said I, but it has cleared the air of all noxious vapours; and how beautiful appears the face of nature, heightened by the remembrance of the late scene of horror! — Just so it is with life; none can enjoy the pleasures of prosperity so well as those who have felt the pangs of adversity.

Our ears were invaded by a groan; it came from the road; we followed the sound, and found a man lying on the ground, bleeding, and almost naked. — We bore him to the house, his wounds were dressed, and it was judged rest would be his best restorer.

In the morning he was unable to rise. I proposed to Heartfree to visit him;

we entered the room, put back the curtains, and discovered the features of the inhuman Creditor.—We paused.—He endeavoured to turn his face from us, and waving his hand for us to leave him, cried emphatically, Heartfree! thou art revenged.

I should like to know, said Heartfree, when his wounded guest was able to leave his apartment, by what accident you came in that dangerous situation.

I will inform you, he replied:—About three weeks since, my house was consumed by fire, and with it all my property — my wife and children were saved, but they were saved from the flames to perish by famine.

His

His heart was full.—Heartfree passed his hand across his eyes.—The man continued. — Some charitable people made a collection of near fifty pounds, and advised me to go into the country, and purchase a little place where my wife and children might be supported by industry.—To save expences I travelled on foot, and in a late tempest stopt at an alehouse till it should be over. On coming away, two men offered to accompany me ; but before I had proceeded far, they stopped and demanded my money ; seeing they had no fire arms, I endeavoured to defend myself, but they were too powerful ; I received a wound in my side, and soon grew insensible ; the rest you know.—I return you many thanks for the unmerited favours

I have received ; but I must now go back to my poor family, and either starve in obscurity, or go to the parish.

You shall do neither, exclaimed Heartfree, looking at his own children as he spoke.

Heartfree was a husband and a father in the just sense of the words. — He was troubled with a short memory, and had entirely forgot that he had ever been harshly treated by the person before him.

You shall do neither, said he, taking out his pocket book, and endeavouring to disperse the drops of humanity that started in his eye : here, giving him a
note,

note, here is a trifle; I do not at present want; when you can spare it, repay me; till then you are welcome.

The man could not take it—astonishment had rendered him motionless.

Heartfree put it on the table, and calling to a servant to get a horse ready for his guest to return to town, wished him a pleasant ride, and left the room.

THE

THE ELOPEMENT.

I FEAR this step will greatly distress my poor father, said Melissa to her woman, as they entered the Park.

They had left the carriage at Spring Gardens, with orders if they did not return in two hours, to go home.

Mrs. Tiffany was artful ; she knew her lady's partiality for Cogdie, and she painted the matrimonial state, founded on love, in the most glowing colours.

Melissa for a moment forgot her father, but the idea soon returned.

I hope

I hope he will not be very wretched,
said she.

You will soon return, answered Mrs.
Tiffany.

But I marry without consulting him.

And is not your fortune your own,
Madam; and in a case of this nature,
young ladies can certainly tell what will
contribute to their own happiness, bet-
ter than their old fathers can judge for
them.

But he will be very angry, Tiffany
—I will not go—I will return, fall at
his feet, and confess my error—I am
sure

sure he will refuse me nothing that is really necessary to my happiness.

Dear madam, how can you talk so— what will poor Mr. Cogdie think? he will certainly go distracted.

Melissa stopped.

And then your aunt Sarah, she will never let you have Mr. Cogdie if she can prevent it.

No matter; I will not go.

Well, madam, just as you please; Mr. Cogdie will think you meant to make a fool of him, and will marry Miss Sparkle, who is so fond of him.

Melissa

Melissa fighed—and went forward.

A chaise and four was waiting for her at Hyde-park Corner; I had a horse there ready also.—By means of my ring I had followed them through the Park unseen—I now took it off, and mounting my horse, followed the chaise full speed, in which were Cogdie, Melissa, and her woman.

GRETN A

GREYNA GREEN.

I HAVE often heard of this place, said I, but I never thought I should be one that took a trip to it on an hymeneal expedition ;—but I must not lose sight of Melissa ; so putting on my ring, I followed them into the house.

THE

THE INN.

HOW happy your condescension makes me, said Cogdie, as he seated himself by Melissa — but I shall not be entirely devoid of fear till I can call you mine : and as the Parson is not in the way, suppose, my dear girl, you sign this paper, to certify that you came with me voluntarily, in case I should be called to an account for running away with an Heiress.

May I not read the paper, said Melissa.

It is of no great consequence, my love, whether you sign it or not, only in such cases there are sometimes difficulties

culties ensue after the ceremony is over.
I may be tried and cast.

Give me the paper, I will sign it.

I trembled with anxiety. — She had taken up the pen to sign the conveyance of her whole fortune into his hands.

I will see him—exclaimed a voice, not the gentlest in the world—I have a warrant to apprehend him.

Cogdie turned pale as ashes. — The pen dropped from Meliffa's hand. —

An officer of justice entered.

Mr. Cogdie, said he, you must go
with

with me. I arrest you for a fraud committed five years ago.

And who has employed you? who forged this tale to injure me in the opinion of this lady?

I had taken off my ring, and stepping forward at that moment, cried, 'tis I, you villain. Is it not enough that you have ruined an innocent girl who was under my protection; left her and her helpless infant to shame and want, and by base and fraudulent methods, taken from me near a thousand pounds, but you must add to the catalogue of your crimes the ruin of this amiable lady, and break the heart of her worthy father.

Melissa shrieked, and fainted; I caught her as she fell, and bore her in my arms to another apartment. — Cogdie departed with the officers of justice, muttering curses as he went.

Oh! where am I, cried Melissa, as she opened her eyes, and where is my dear father? Safe, I hope, replied I; and when you choose, I will order a chaise, and we will return to him.

When you please, Sir; but I fear he will never see me, never forgive me; I dare not go to him.

I will make your peace with him, said I. — Melissa burst into tears, and was silent.

We cannot depart without some refreshment, thought I ; so going into the kitchen to order something, I met Mrs. Tiffany on the stairs. Woman, said I, what wages does your lady owe you ?

Six months, Sir ; but I hope my lady will not part with me in this strange place ?

You had no business to advise her to come to this strange place — there is your money, and three guineas to pay your expences to town, your lady never desires to see you again.—Now by the astonishment of her countenance, and a sort of leer that she gave as she tripped down stairs, I guessed I had paid her more than was her due.

H O N E S T Y.

THIS Woman has certainly got more than she had a right to, said I, standing with my right hand on the top of the lower balustrade, and holding my purse, which I had not yet tied up, in my left—The world talks much about honesty, but I cannot comprehend where it is to be found.—The trader will stand behind his counter, and ask you three shillings per yard for cloth more than it is worth, and if you are inexperienced, as it frequently happens in such cases, you pay him without hesitation—he knows he has imposed upon you, yet he will lay his hand upon his heart, and declare he is

an honest man. — The Courtier — Oh !
 quoth reflection, pray don't mention a
 courtier and honesty in the same breath.
 — The women — how can you talk of
 their honesty, when you have so flagrant
 a proof to the contrary before you. —
 The Clergy — worse and worse; does
 not the beneficed clergyman quietly
 pocket his hundreds, or thousands, while
 the poor curate is starving on thirty
 pounds per annum, and will not the rec-
 tor preach you an eloquent sermon on
 charity, and the curate spend his breath
 in recommending abstinence. — Is this
 honesty ?

It may be called so, said L.

The lawyer and physician—Oh, there

is no honesty there, I assure you; the one steals your fortune, and the other your life—but this is all in the way of business.

Then pray where may we find this said honesty?

It was a sort of question I knew not how to answer—at that instant faithful Cæsar came and licked my hand.—You are right, said I, patting his head. If any thing like honesty or fidelity is to be found in the world, it is in your species.

Shall we go, Sir, said Melissa, as she came down stairs.

With

With all my heart, said I, putting up my purse, and offering her my hand. — The chaise was at the door, and I was actually stepping into it, without once recollecting that I had not spent a single halfpenny for the good of the house.

THE RECITAL.

IT is all like a dream, said Melissa, as the chaise drove off; a sort of confused, disagreeable dream, from which I shall be glad to awake—but pray, Sir, if it be not troublesome, will you tell me the meaning of some words which you dropped concerning Cogdie? what woman has he ruined, and whom has he defrauded?

I will tell you, Madam, said I — she was all attention.

Five years since, a friend of mine died and left a lovely orphan daughter to my care.—Olivia was young and inexperienced

experienced in the ways of the world.—
 I was gay and fond of company—the
 house of a young gentleman of fortune
 is not a fit sanctuary for innocence and
 beauty. I loved Olivia like a sister—I
 would have revenged an insult offered
 her at the expence of my life, but she
 required the tender solicitude of a mo-
 ther, the sedate mature advice of a
 father.—Her heart was the seat of sen-
 sibility, she was formed for domestic
 love and felicity—having no paternal
 ties, no filial affection to warm her gen-
 tle breast—there was an aching void in
 her heart, which only love could fill.
 —Cogdie visited at my house—he was
 much older than Olivia, she was only
 sixteen.—He was attentive to her child-
 ish pleasures; her favourite dog was
 careffed

careffed—he would feed her Goldfinch, talk to her parrot, and bring her nose-gays.—I was not of a fufpicious temper, but placed an implicit confidence in Cogdie, who, by a thousand arts, had ingratiated himfelf into my favour. It was not long before I obferved Olivia grew pale and thin; ſhe had loſt her chearfulnefs, and I frequently found her in tears. Imagining ſhe might be ſolitary for want of a female companion, I propoſed her going into the country to an old lady, a friend of mine, who had a daughter but three years older than herſelf—ſhe conſented, and two days after was appointed for her departure. When the appointed morning came, ſhe was not to be found. I ſent to all her acquaintance in vain.—I

cannot

cannot describe my distress—I told my affliction to Cogdie; he consoled me, and flattered me with hopes I might yet find her—I was happy to think I had such a friend. Three weeks passed on, and I never heard of my Olivia—Cogdie had frequently mentioned his being sometimes employed by a capital merchant at Hamburgh, with whom I was acquainted when abroad—He came to me one morning and shewed a letter in which he was desired to send the merchant a ring, the most valuable that could be procured.—I wonder, said Cogdie, why he has not sent me the money to purchase this ring; he knows my circumstances are not the most affluent. He seemed distressed at not being able to get so valuable a ring on credit.—I sent him to my jeweller;

jeweller; the ring was ordered, and it came to near eight hundred and fifty pounds — he took it away in haste one morning, as he said, to send it to Hamburg; and I never saw him again, till a few days since, when I was informed he was one of the most noted gamblers about town. I had given up all thoughts of ever finding Olivia, when going out one evening——

THE

THE TRAVELLER.

THE roads are very heavy indeed, said I, breaking the thread of my story, and fixing my eyes on an old man, who was travelling through the dirt.—There had just fallen a heavy shower of rain, and the sun was now shining with scorching rays upon his head; he was dressed in a gray coat, and a bundle hung to the end of a stick that was across his shoulder.—My heart is always interested by the present object.—This man, said I, is no more able to walk than I am; and four horses can certainly drag three people — I bade the postillion stop.—And what are you about to do? said Prudence.—Offer that poor man

man a seat in the chaise, said Benevolence —ah! but you know nothing of him; he may be a thief, cried Suspicion—or a very poor mechanic, and by no means fit to ride in a chaise with a gentleman, urged Pride—but he is a fellow-creature, and seems very weary, said Humanity. — I stayed not another moment for consideration.

And have you never heard of Olivia since? said Melissa, when we were settled in our seats. —I know not how it was, but I could not proceed with my story — there was something in the appearance of the old man that awakened my curiosity—he was a figure not striking; but examine it minutely, and you would find it interesting. A few gray
hairs

hairs were scattered over his forehead; his face seemed to have some traces of sorrow and disappointment; his features were grave, but withall tempered with such meek resignation and composure, that I contemplated them till I had forgot Olivia, Meliffa, and almost myself.

THE

THE CONJECTURE.

THERE is such a natural curiosity implanted in the mind of man, that we cannot be half an hour in company with a stranger, before in our own imagination we form many conjectures concerning his situation in life—what sort of a disposition he has—whether he is married or single—and fifty such particulars, which are of no real consequence to us. — I had not been seated with this old man above twenty minutes, when I had settled in my own mind that he was a parson, that he had lost his wife, and that he was going to town in order to look out for some employment to settle his children in. — Thou hast
lost

lost thy partner, thought I, looking at him with compassion, she who has heightened the pleasures of thy youth, shared with thee the sweets and bitters of life, and was thy companion in old age. — The bower that she planted so many years since; the woodbines that she trimmed and guided with her hands, now shoot wild and neglected, and that bower which to thee was once a paradise, is now desolate and gloomy, deprived of her presence. — What a saucy baggage is this Madam Fancy, said I, recollecting myself; she has given me a pain at my heart by telling me a tale which, perhaps, has no foundation. — Do not complain of Fancy, said my fellow traveller, for how many a heavy hour does she often help to dissipate, when she soars

upon the pinions of hope, and builds fine airy fabrics, extricates us out of difficulties, and leads us to the summit of our wishes; and we are for the moment as happy as tho' in the real possession of them; and what tho' she sometimes does forsake us, and all the prospects vanish into air, yet soon she returns again, and again is welcomed—we listen to her firen tale with pleasure, and so wear life away.—How often in fancy have I rushed into battle, and with this arm sent hundreds to eternity—how often has fancy led me to my sovereign's feet, to receive the reward of my past services.

You are a soldier, then, said, I, —
every feature was animated with the
remembrance

remembrance of former campaigns, as he replied in the affirmative.

Then by my soul, said I, madam Fancy is an arrant cheat, for she had represented you as a parson.

THE SOLDIER.

I HAVE spent the best part of my life, said the old man, in the service of my country.—At fifty years of age I retired, with no other fortune than a lieutenant's half pay—it was but scanty, but it was sufficient for the wants of my Narcissa, my wife, and self.—I would tell you that my child was lovely, Sir, but I am old, and a father; both those particulars would lead you to doubt my veracity. Our mansion was small, but it was the mansion of content. Last summer an old lady came to lodge in our neighbourhood; she took great notice of Narcissa during her residence in the country, and at her departure re-

quested

quested me let my child come the ensuing spring to pass a few weeks in town; with reluctance I consented, for I thought the fair blossom of innocence would be subject to contamination if I entrusted her in the metropolis without a proper protector.

You was right, said I—at that instant recollecting poor Olivia, and fearing I might again lose the thread of my story, I instantly gratified Melissa's curiosity, by relating the remainder.

THE RECITAL CONTINUED.

GOING out one evening, I heard a voice which I thought I knew, imploring charity. I sent my servant to bring her to me; she came weeping and sobbing aloud. — She just entered the door, and sunk insensible at my feet. — It was poor Olivia — I raised her, I pressed her in my arms, and by the tenderest caresses called her back to life. When she found herself in my arms, she could hardly trust her senses, but sliding from my embrace upon her knees, took both my hands in hers, and cried will you forgive me. — I assured her she was pardoned; soothed her and begged to know why she had left my protection

protection—she unfolded a tale of horror—Cogdie had ruined her. She found herself pregnant, and pressed him to marry her ; he said I would not consent to their union, and when out of tenderness I wished to remove her into the country, she thought it was only to take her from him.—Conscious of her own unhappy situation, she flew to her betrayer—he for a while behaved with a tolerable degree of tenderness ; but he soon threw off the disguise, and turned her out of doors, at the same time informing her that I had taken an oath never to see or assist her.

Heavens ! what barbarity, exclaimed Melissa.—Melissa pitied Olivia, but she

G 4 felt

felt for herself—it might have been her situation.—She desired me to proceed.

I took the fair mourner, said I, into the country, where, in about six weeks, she was delivered of a boy.—I told her unfortunate tale to Mrs. Sidley and her daughter; they pitied her, they determined she should not be lost. I visited Olivia in her retreat; my visits were long and frequent; when I was absent from Sidley Cot, I was pensive and unhappy; my former pleasures lost the power of amusing—in short, I at last discovered that the lovely Emma Sidley had taken possession of my heart; I sought her hand—I gained it, and brought my charming prize triumphant up to town.

Olivia

Olivia has spent these last five years in superintending the care of her boy; she passes for a widow, and her charms have gained her many admirers, but she declines them all; and declares she looks upon herself as the wife of Cogdie. Chance discovered to me his vile design on you. Pardon me, dear lady, if I thought the method I have made use of, the only one that I could impress your mind with terror, at the precipice you have escaped, and guard you in future against forming clandestine connections with our sex.

THE

THE OMISSION.

AND what have you done with the old lieutenant? said my Emma, when I had given her an account of our journey.

I set him down some where in the Strand, said I.

I hope you found some opportunity to increase his little store, without hurting his feelings, said she.

I was ashamed to own my omission; and yet where is the shame? said I, as I sat with my hand upon my Emma's knee, reading the sweet lines written
by

by benevolence on her lovely countenance.—Where is the shame that I was guilty of an omission through forgetfulness? it was not a wilful sin against charity—I will go seek him, said I, and repair my fault.

You will first go to my father, I hope, said Melissa.

I took my hat, and stood full two minutes undetermined which to do first—they were both actions of benevolence.

Had it been thy case, bright pattern of humanity, said I, opening a volume of Sterne, that lay on the table before me, just at the corporal's relating the story of Lefevre to Captain Shandy—
had

had it been thy case, thou would'st have given the preference to the old foldier; but I am a father, and will act as my feelings direct.

THE

THE RECONCILIATION.

IT is of no purpose, said I to the servant, to deny your master; I am sure he is at home, and I will see him—pray tell him I have particular business with him.—I had left Melissa at my house—after waiting half an hour, I was admitted up stairs—Melissa's father was sitting in a pensive posture, his looks dejected, and his dress disordered.—On the other side of the room sat a woman, the picture of envy and ill nature.

You will pardon me, Sir, for this intrusion—I came from——

My

My daughter, eagerly exclaimed the old gentleman—and where is she, Sir?—will she come home again? Oh, lead me to her, that I may lock her in my arms, and with tears of joy wash away the remembrance of her error.

I suppose Miss is married, cried Mrs. Sarah.—She did not make such an excursion, and with such company, for nothing.

Really, Madam, said I, she is not married; she has taken a little excursion, it is true, but she is now at my house, impatiently waiting for a summons to throw herself at her father's feet, and implore his forgiveness.—The old gentleman called for his hat.

Why

Why surely you will not forgive her, brother ? said the churlish aunt.

Not forgive her ! exclaimed the father—I tell you, sister, she shall be forgiven, taken again to my bosom, again share my confidence ; nor be driven by my unkindness, and the cold contempt of her own sex, to that vice which I know her soul would shrink from as from death.

Mrs. Sarah muttered something about virtue and propriety, and left the room.

There were three reasons why Mrs. Sarah was so inveterate against her niece ; the first was, she was old, very fallow, rather inclined to be crooked,
and

and had a voice something resembling the cawing of a rook ; it was therefore a great mortification to have a niece so young and lovely.

In the second place, she had formed some design on Cogdie's heart herself—no woman can bear a rival in love or dress.

The third, and most potent reason was, she had never been a parent, therefore could not tell the pangs, the yearnings, the fond solitudes that by turns agitated the heart of Melissa's father.

Come, let us go, my friend, said he, let us go and bring the dear fugitive home.

As we were going, I gave him an account of our expedition.

I cannot bear to see him, exclaimed Meliffa, hiding her face as we entered — He would not suffer her to kneel, but embracing her cordially, cried, Come home, my child, come home, and let us forget all that is past, I never will reproach you.

He was right in making this promise, for nothing is so liable to drive a woman to a second error, as her being subject to continual reproach for the first.

I wonder, thought I, as they departed, if there is a greater blessing on this fide eternity, than the power of

VOL. I.

H

conferring

conferring benefits. — The man who has it in his power to make others happy, has a large share of happiness allotted to himself. — I would not part with my ring, said I, for half the universe; without it I had been unable to deliver this charming girl from the hands of her betrayer.

THE

THE PRINTING OFFICE.

AND can that young creature be an author? said I — she was standing at the door of a printing office, waiting for admiffion. — I had rambled out that morning in fearch of adventures — my ring was on, I entered the office with the young author.

I have brought you my manuscript, Mr. C—ke, faid she; the ftory is founded on fact, and, I hope, will be fo lucky as to pleafe thofe who fhall here, after perufe it.

Is it original, Mifs?

H 2

Entirely

Entirely so.

Lord bless me! that was quite unnecessary.

Why, Sir, how could I think of offering to the public a story which has appeared in print before?

Nothing more common, I assure you.

He was a thin, pale-looking man, dressed in a shabby green coat—he never looked in her face the whole time; he was speaking, but standing half sideways towards her, fixed his eyes askance upon the ground.—I never like a man that is ashamed to look me in the face, it

I

argues

argues a consciousness of not having always acted with integrity.

Nothing can be more common, Miss, continued he, than for an author to get a quantity of old magazines, the older the better, and having picked and culled those stories the most adapted for his purpose, he places them in little regular order, writes a line here and there, and so offers them to the public as an entire new work.

See here, now, I have published this work on my own account; these few first pages are original, but I assure you the scissars did the rest. I have entitled it *The Moralist*, and sell these two volumes at seven shillings and sixpence.

I should rather call that compiling, said the young author.

Why so it is, in fact—but I assure you there are few people who have genius sufficient to write a book, or even if they had, would take the trouble to do it. — A sentimental novel will hardly pay you for time and paper. — A story full of intrigue, wrote with levity, and tending to convey loose ideas, would sell very well.

It is a subject unfit for a female pen, said the young lady.

Why you need not put your name to it,

It is a subject unfit for any pen, retorted she, a deep vermilion dying her cheeks, and fire flashing from her eyes—she stopped, and checked her rising passion—I think, Sir, she continued, with more composure, the person who would write a book that might tend to corrupt the morals of youth, and fill their docile minds with ideas pernicious and destructive to their happiness, deserves a greater punishment than the robber who steals your purse, or the murderer that takes your life.

Mr. C—ke stared—it was a vacant stare—he wondered, no doubt, how an author could study any thing but her own emolument—I was pleased with her sentiments—If your writings are

H 4 equal

equal to what you have just uttered, said I, they will be worth perusing; but some can talk better than they write; perhaps it is her case. Her works never fell in my way, so I cannot judge.—

You mean to publish by subscription, said Mr. C—ke — She replied in the affirmative—

And how do you mean to get subscribers?

—By shewing my proposals, and simply requesting them to encourage my undertakings.

Oh! God bless me, he replied, still
looking

looking askance, for he never changed his position, or raised his eyes from the ground, except it was to look at his elbow and contemplate his thread-bare sleeve—It will never do to go that way to work—you must have a tale of distress to tell, or you will never procure one subscriber—

I am not very much distressed, said she; and if I was, why should I blazon it to the world?

It is no matter whether you are really distressed or not, said C—ke; but you must tell a tale to excite pity, or you will never gain a single shilling towards printing your books—I have sold eight hundred copies of the Moralist by these means

means — nobody gives themselves the trouble to inquire whether my story be false or true; it excites pity for the moment—they send me a subscription—my purpose is answered, and 'tis a question whether they ever think of me or my story again——

She seemed tired of the conversation — so laying down her manuscript, and desiring him to put it in hand immediately, she bade him good morning—

What impositions there are in the world! said I, as I went out of the office: this very account, will make me always refuse to subscribe to a book that is recommended by a tale of distress.

THE

THE FUNERAL.

TWO coaches with white plumes; in the first was the coffin of an infant, at the door of an elegant house stood several domestics weeping—A young woman who had stood at a distance, watched the coaches till they were out of sight, and then burst into tears—

I removed my ring from my finger, and inquired the cause of her grief.

He is gone, Sir, said she, pointing to the road the coaches had taken; he is gone, and I shall never see him again; he was the sweetest child—I once lived
with

with him, I loved him with unspeakable
tendernefs, listened with pleasure to his
prattle, and when he was ill, attended
him with anxious, unremitting care;
he was the delight of his parents, he
was the joy of my heart.

You do wrong to lament, said I; he
is gone to a more happy place; he is
taken away before he had offended his
Maker, to share in pleasures unspeak-
able and unceasing; then why should
you make yourself wretched? It is like
regreting that he was not suffered to re-
main in a world subject to all sorts of
disappointments and misfortunes; he is
now an angel in the mansions of the
blessed: why should you then mourn his
absence from you?

Have

Have you children, Sir? said she, with unaffected simplicity — The question struck me forcibly. I thus asked my own heart—had Harriet been taken from me, could I have reasoned thus calmly: the very supposition gave me an unspeakable pang; it told me that reason had little power over the heart torn by the loss of what it prized more than life. — I turned to the young woman — she was gone a few paces from me—she sighed, profoundly pronounced the name of Henry, wiped off her tears, raised her swollen eyes to Heaven and cried—Thy will be done.

I was ashamed of my former reasoning; that one sentence convinced me, that

that christianity was a better comforter
in affliction than the most boasted rules
of philosophy.

It was a neat little house, by the side
of the fields—a pretty looking woman,
dressed by simplicity, Nature's handmaid,
was laying the table cloth and trimming
up her little parlour. Her looks were
cheerful and serene, and with a voice
pleasing, though wild and untutored,
she sang the following little ditty:

How good and how kind
Thou art, O Lord, my God,
If comfort thou wilt give,
Smiling joyful restors all.

Nature's ways are all supplied,
Good and kind, both and free,
Let others dwell the route of pride,
This is the path of love.

THE HAPPY PAIR.

IT was a neat little house, by the side of the fields—a pretty looking woman, drest by simplicity, Nature's handmaid, was laying the table cloth and trimming up her little parlour; her looks were cheerful and serene, and with a voice pleasing, though wild and untutored, she sung the following little stanzas :

Here, beneath my humble cot,
 Tranquil peace and pleasure dwell;
 If contented with our lot,
 Smiling joy can grace a cell,

Nature's wants are all supplied;
 Food and raiment, house and fire:
 Let others swell the courts of pride,
 This is all that I require.

Just

Just as she had finished, a genteel young man entered the gate; she ran eagerly to meet him.—

My dear Charles, she cried, you are late to-night.

It was near ten o'clock—I had taken the advantage of my ring, and followed them into the house.—

I am weary, Betsey, said he, leaning his head upon her shoulder.

—I am sorry for it, my love; but come, eat your supper, and you shall then repose on my bosom, and hush all your cares to rest—

Their

Their frugal meal was fallad and bread and butter.

If to be content is to be happy, my dear, said she, how superlatively happy am I—I have no wish beyond what our little income will afford me; my home is to me a palace, thy love my estate. I envy not the rich dames who shine in costly array; I please my Charles in my plain, simple attire; I wish to please no other.—

Thou dear reward of all my toils! cried Charles, embracing her, how can I have a wish ungratified while possessed of thee—I never desired wealth but for thy sake, and thy cheerful, contented

disposition makes even wealth unnecessary.

It is by no means necessary to happiness, said I, as I left the house——

Charles and Betsey seem perfectly happy and content with only a bare competence——I ask but a competence, cries

the luxurious or avaricious wretch; the very exclamation convinces us, that a

trifle is adequate to the wants of the humble, frugal mind, while thousands

cannot supply the inordinate desires of the prodigal, or satisfy the grasping

disposition of the miser.

THE DRUNKARD.

IT was a confused noise of singing, swearing, and a crash of breaking glasses. — Perhaps, said I, this is a private mad-house; for surely I am not near Bedlam. The moon shone bright, I cast my eyes up towards the house and perceived the sign of the Angel — Good Heavens! thought I, this is a public house; and how ridiculous to place an angel at the door of the habitation of drunkenness and debauchery.

Of all the crimes to which human nature is addicted, drunkenness is the most pernicious; it is the master key that leads to all other vice. — Behold

that young man ; he is an apprentice—
 in a fit of intoxication he commenced
 an acquaintance with a lewd woman ;
 he has not money to answer her many
 extravagancies—he robs his master—
 he is detected—his distracted parents
 pay the sum he has taken—they exhort
 him with streaming eyes, to avoid such
 excesses in future——He leaves them
 with a promise of amendment——Re-
 turning to his master's house, he again is
 entrapped in his darling vice, and again
 returns to his abandoned companion—
 behold him now just entering her man-
 sion—he has taken a considerable sum
 from his master's till—the officers of
 justice are close behind—he intreats her
 to secret him—she refuses—she delivers
 him up ; denies her acquaintance with

him—he is dragged to prison.—See him now, loaded with irons, in a dismal dungeon; he has received the sentence of death—His parents enter; they are speechless with sorrow—he remembers their former kindness—he sees their present anguish; his folly, his guilt appear in their proper colours—he would comfort them, but is unable—the messenger of death calls—another moment, he asks but one moment, and that is denied——his mother——

But stop; the scene grows too deep;
I must draw a veil before it.

THE BUCKS.

AND these men call themselves rational beings—they had interrupted my meditations by breaking the lamps and beating the watchmen who had endeavoured to prevent them. Among them was a young man of quality—Oh, shame, said I, that those whose exalted station makes their action conspicuous in the eyes of the world, should set examples so very detrimental to society.

D—n me, says he, let us go and get drunk, and then roar catches through the streets, and disturb the sober, sleeping drones, in spite of all the watchmen or constables in the kingdom—Come
along,

along, my boys ; and if we do go to the round-house, let us go jovially.

How very humiliating it is to human nature to see mankind so far degrade themselves, and commit such follies as render them scarcely a degree superior to the brute creation—nay, I do not know but the poor ass, who carries the loaded panier, or the ox who drags the plough, are more useful to society than such a man : these poor animals render their owners all the service in their power in return for their food, while the buck spends his nights in riot and debauchery ; his days in sleep, and, in return for the vast blessings showered around him, instead of making himself serviceable to the community of which he is a

member, he breaks the laws, disturbs the peace, squanders his substance on the infamous and profligate, and dies without having performed one action that might make his loss regretted.

You thoughtless, dissipated rakes that haunt this town, behold this comparison, and if you are men, blush at your own inferiority.

THE

THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

THE clock struck twelve.—

This is the hour, said I, when Morpheus, with his drowfing poppies, has sealed the eyes of the innocent and happy—but Morpheus is a courtier; he never visits the couch of affliction, or listens to the request of the unhappy.—Now the lover, true to the appointed hour, to elude the guardian's watchful eye, steals softly to the window of his fair enslaver, who anxiously had counted the lazy, lagging minutes, and listened to the passing breeze that moved the flowers or whispered through the wood; caught at each sound, and thought it was her love.—

Now

Now the fair mourner seeks her widow-
ed bed, and hangs over her sleeping in-
fant, till busy fancy recalls to her mind
the father's features—the tear of regret
which trickles from her eye falls on the
infant's cheek — He wakes, he smiles,
and charms away her sorrows.—So,
from the lowering sky, when the soft
shower gently descends on the half-
blown rose, its fragrance is increased,
its leaves expanded, and all its beauties
are revealed to view.

At this lonely hour the ruffian takes
his knife, and rushes on the unguarded
victim of his barbarity.

Thou foolish wretch, think not the
fable

able curtain of the night can hide thy actions from the eye of justice.

This is the hour when the guilty mortal, though in a lofty room, stretched on a bed of down, and covered by a gilded canopy, though, perhaps, on India's distant shore he perpetrated the horrid deed; imbrued his hands in innocent blood to grasp a glittering toy, starts frantic from his pillow—he sees the murdered Indian, his gaping wounds, his mangled carcase; he hears his wife and children calling aloud for vengeance on the murderer; the cold sweat bedews his limbs, his joints tremble, his faculties are lost, he groans, and in his thoughts, curses the day when he was first

first taught the use of gold or the advantages of power.

This is the hour——

In which, cries reflection, your Emma is wondering why you tarry so long from her ; and, anxious for your safety, paints to her sickening imagination a thousand dangers which exist not but in her ideas.

—I quickened my pace

—She met me at the door

—I caught her in my arms

A tear had fallen upon her cheek,
another

another stood glittering in her eye—
 the first was a tear of suspense, the last
 of joy. I kissed them both away, and
 was angry with myself for having given
 her gentle bosom a moment's pain.

THE

THE LOUNGER.

HEIGHO! cried he, stretching and yawning; how shall I pass this day?

It was nine o'clock; he was just up, and had repaired to the coffee house for his breakfast. He took the news-paper read two or three advertisements; but soon threw it aside, and seemed wholly occupied in picking his nails and whistling. I will follow you through this day, said I, and immediately put on my ring. He left the coffee house and sauntered an hour in the park, then strolled from one acquaintance's house to another, till he received an invitation to dinner—That universal topic, the weather, being

being discussed, and the play for the night mentioned, he had not another word to say, but sat stupidly silent, unless indeed he ventured to say yes or no to any question asked by the lady of the house.

He once complained of the heaviness of time: she recommended drawing—that required too much study—reading—he could not bear a book, it stupidified him—music—he should never have patience to learn; he liked nothing but the flute, and that would throw him into a consumption——

I am surprised, said the lady, you like none of these; give me leave to recommend you a few books that I am
sure

sure will help to wear away the time—
 'Bridon's Tour you will find instructive
 and amusing—Goldsmith's Animated
 Nature is the same—Sterne is a pleasing
 author; and there is a vast fund of
 amusement in——

You have mentioned books enow already, said he, (interrupting her) to last me my life. I never read any thing except it be a ballad, or the last dying speech of people that were hanged.

Very entertaining and instructive subjects, cried the lady.

He dined, and then sauntered to a public house, drank a pint of rum and water, went to the play when it was
 half

half over, and came away again without understanding a single sentence he had heard—went again to the public house, squandered away two or three shillings more in drinking, only because he had nothing else to do, and went to bed as he arose, with a mind entirely vacant, unoccupied by thought or reflection—This is the life of a loungeur, said I—If the lives of mortals are recorded in the book of fate, what a blank will this man's life appear!—Yet I am certain he goes to bed every jot as weary as the poor labourer who toils for his daily bread—Is it the fault of education or disposition? said I.

Reason answered, it must be native indolence, or he would otherways engage

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in some pleasing study that might at once employ and amuse him—

It is a matter of doubt with me whether such a man deserves most our pity or contempt.

A TALE

A TALE OF SCANDAL.

AND so you are writing—and do you intend to publish your works?

Perhaps I may, said I—

What is your subject, pray?

Rambles, excursions, characters, and tales.

And do you think the world will attend to your rambles, excursions, characters, and tales?

I will write sentimental rambles, juvenile excursions, original characters,

and tales of scandal, and then my books will be universally read.

The last article may make them rise into some repute, said he.

Do'st thou know the origin of scandal? said I.

No——

Then I will tell thee——

She is of spurious birth; begot of Envy on that blear-eyed monster, Mistrust; she was nursed by Self-love, and tutored by Hypocrisy—She is hideously deformed, has a thousand ears, and lifts to every tale—Her eyes magnify
the

the smallest objects into mountains ; and as her tongue has not the power to vent her malicious tales so fast as her vile heart conceives them, she makes up the rest in nods, winks, shrugs of the shoulders, lifting the eyes, and shaking the head—She in general wears a mask, and dresses in a pleasing garb, which makes her so well received in all companies.

Why this is a tale of scandal indeed, said he.

And the only one I shall ever write, said I—for if in this vast globe full of interesting scenes to excite our wonder and engage our attention, if, I say, in such a place a man cannot use his pen

without stabbing the character of his neighbour, he must have had a very narrow education, be possessed of a bad heart, and blessed with little or no understanding.

THE

THE VILLAGE WEDDING.

I NEVER see the simple inhabitants of a village engaged in a scene of mirth, but I long to mingle with them—I wish to see, feel, and taste, every thing with the same sensations as they do.

They were seated round a large table, under the shade of some spreading oaks—I will partake their diversions, said I, without disturbing them; so I put on my ring, and mixed among the groupe.

A nut-brown maid, dressed in pure white, the emblem of her own innocence, presided at the head of the board—I looked at her with scrutinizing eye,

and perceived it was my pretty milkmaid—She had that day given her hand to Colin, and the cheerful company were assembled to keep the wedding.

Their repast finished, a lad with a pipe and tabor, and another with a fiddle, struck up a lively air, when Colin and his Rose led off the dance, with step so light, a countenance so serene, and an air so blythe, that I wished myself an humble villager, and my Emma a nut-brown maid.

And why cannot all the world live thus? What need of titles, equipage, state, pomp, and nonsense? Nature never designed it so.

Nor

Nor did nature design us to wear
cloaths—

The idea was ludicrous—it irritated
my risible muscles—what awkward
beings would these tight country dam-
sels appear if they were dancing about
in a state of nature! A petticoat is a
pretty ornament, said I—and so is an
apron—The dancers had tucked their
aprons up on one side—it gave them a
look of ease and negligence.

It is strange, said I, that among all
the caprices of fashion the apron has
never been totally abolished, but has
continued to be worn by all ranks and
degrees of women from our grand-
mother

mother Eve down to these dancing
damsels.

It had never struck me before that
the apron was an ornament of such an-
tiquity.

They danced till silver Cynthia light-
ed up the horizon, and then all with
one consent sat down to supper.

That past, the jocund tale, the song,
the laugh, went round, and all was gay
festivity and mirth.

In the course of the evening Colin
had twined a branch of myrtle with
woodbine, and placed it on his Rose's
bosom—He could not have judged bet-

ter; the woodbine was an emblem of her sweetness, the myrtle of her love and constancy.

Farewell, blest pair! may your portion of life be pure, and unmixed with gall; may your happiness be as permanent as your innocence and truth are conspicuous.

THE

THE RESCUE.

I HAD been at the play.

A young creature, in the box adjoining that I sat in, had attracted my notice the whole evening; her fixed attention during the performance, shewed she was almost a stranger to those kind of diversions.

The various passions that agitated her features at the interesting parts of the drama seemed the workings of pure nature—I did not like her companions; they were by no means suitable guardians for her youth and charms.

The

The one was a young man of fortune, a professed libertine.

The other an old, fat woman, whose looks and gestures bespoke her employment.

I thought I could read in the open countenance of the young lady an unconsciousness of guilt, and a full confidence in the company and protection of her companions—I was determined to be convinced whether my conjectures were well founded.

When they left the playhouse I put on my ring and followed them; they were set down at the door of an elegant house; the rooms within were superb,
the

the furniture grand, and the servants numerous—Supper was served up—they urged the young lady to drink several glasses of wine—

She complied with reluctance.

I will go and order the coach, said the old woman, and left the room.

The libertine took the opportunity, which was intentionally given, and had nearly executed his horrid purpose, when taking off my ring and snatching up a knife that lay on the table—Villain, said I, forbear your attempts, or this instant puts a period to your life—Heaven is too watchful over the virtuous to
suffer

suffer it to fall a prey to such lust and barbarity.

If I was clever at designing I would give you a sketch of this scene.

The libertine at the sound of my voice relinquished his prey, and fixed his eyes on me in silent astonishment, while every feature expressed terror and dismay.

Half starting from his seat, he exclaimed, in a voice scarcely articulate,

Who are you?

The poor girl sat leaning her head against the elbow of the sofa, pale and

and ready to sink—like a timid hart, who for a moment having out-stretched the speed of the fleet hounds, trembling looks round, and stops and pants for breath—again her pursuers appear in sight—again she would fly, but fear deprives her of the power; tears of anguish chase each other down her cheeks, and she sits in an agony of despair awaiting the approaching ruin which she is unable to escape.

I took her by the hand, bid her fear nothing, and led her triumphant from the house of infamy.

THE

THE ACTRESS.

I WILL take a peep behind the scenes, said I, one evening, as I passed the Hay-market Theatre; so, putting on my ring, I entered.—

You surprise me, Madam—not come into the house about his business the nights that you perform? (said a man, addressing himself to Miss——) pray, in what has he molested you?

He met me on the stairs, Sir, and it is very distressing to be jostled by such low creatures. I will have the house cleared of such people.

It is a very extraordinary demand, madam—he is full as necessary in his station as you are in yours —— I fancy, the heroine of a comedy would make but a poor appearance with her hair uncurled and unpowdered; nor would you much admire an hero with a beard of ten or twelve days growth.

I don't understand this insolence, replied she; it is what I am not used to.

Pray, what is all this fuss about? cried a lame gentleman—

Nothing in the world, Sir, but Miss —— and the barber.

It is very ridiculous, said I, talking
of

of the circumstance a few days after, that a woman whose bread depends upon the smiles of the public, and who, every night that she performs, exerts her talents to please taylor, hairdressers, tinkers, nay, even chimney-sweepers, when they can raise a shilling to purchase a seat among the Gods—It is the height of folly for such a woman to complain of her feelings being hurt by meeting a barber on her dressing-room stairs.

Call it by its right name, said a person that stood by me,—it is pride.

Pride was not made for man, nor woman neither, I'll be sworn; it spoils the finest set of features in the world, and is more pernicious to a pretty face than

paint to a lovely complection;—it fits
but aukwardly on a dutchess—and the
Queen never uses it.

What Queen? said he—

Why, the British Queen, to be sure,
said I.—

But then you make no distinction,
said he, between the conscious dignity
of a queen, and the pert supercilious
airs of a favourite actress: if the world
were guided by the bright example set
from the British throne, pride would be
entirely abolished.

That would be a heavenly thing,
said I; for the annihilation of pride is
like

Like the dissolution of the body, it unfetters the soul, and leaves it free and unconfined to soar above the stars.

I have frequently been engaged in disputes concerning women of this profession—it puts me beyond all patience to hear people advance an opinion so very contracted and illiberal, as that of supposing no woman can be virtuous who is on the stage—I know many at this time who are ornaments not only to their profession, but to the sex in general: even the lady I have just mentioned is generous, humane, and prudent; pride is her only fault.—Charming woman! I have often said, when I was enchanted with her performance of some amiable character—conquer but

that one foible, and our admiration will rise into veneration. — I am confident a woman may, if she is so inclined, be as virtuous as Lucrece behind the scenes of a theatre. Virtue begets respect wherever she appears; on the contrary, a woman of loose inclination, though she is immured in a convent, will find opportunities of doing evil. — It is a great pity so many women belonging to the stage are thus inclined; but why should we, on account of those that are bad, condemn a Siddons, Brunton, Kemble, or Pope? — why should a woman, if she is a good wife, daughter, or mother, be less respected because she has genius to contribute to our amusement, by bringing before our eyes heroines we have so often read of, and exhibiting characters

characters we so greatly admire? — for my part, I never judge of a person from their profession or situation in life; it is from their actions I form an idea of their disposition; and as I think genius and merit deserve as much esteem when we meet them in an humble mansion as when they inherit palaces, so are virtue and prudence as valuable an acquisition in an actress, as in the daughter of a peer, and alike to be esteemed and respected.

THE RENCOUNTER.

IT is astonishing to me how people can complain for want of amusement. I am never a moment without something to amuse, instruct, or interest me—I never walk abroad but I am attentive to every little incident that happens: a solitary, slow pace, the folded arms, or down-cast eye, will excite my compassion, and a joyous serene aspect will exhilarate my spirits—even in a wilderness where never human step marked the green turf, or swept the dew drops from the waving grass, even there I would find company, conversation, and amusement.

To

To a thinking mind, the book of nature is ever open for our perusal; and a soul warmed by sensibility and gratitude, reads the divine pages with pleasure, and contemplates the great source of all with wonder, reverence, and love.

As I wandered along, encouraging these pleasing reflections, I saw an old man buying some stale bread and meat at the window of a mean eating house; he stood with his back towards me; his coat was dirty and torn; his whole appearance was expressive of the most abject poverty. — Friend, said I, going up to him, perhaps this trifle will procure you a better meal, putting half a guinea into his hand.

It

It always gives my heart a pang when I see age and distress combined—age of itself always brings anguish enough.—How very insupportable, then, must it be, when there are no comforts, no little indulgencies, to compensate for those days of unavoidable pain.

As I presented my little donation, I looked in the old man's face—I thought I had seen the features, but could not recollect where.

Humanity is not entirely banished from the world, said he, turning part from me to conceal his emotion.

I immediately knew his voice—it was the old lieutenant.—Good God!

said

faid I, stopping him as he was going from me, what has reduced you to this distressed situation ?

Misfortune, faid he.

And did you not know where I lived ?

I was ashamed to beg, faid he—a sudden glow passing over his languid features—and I thought, Sir, you would be ashamed to own an acquaintance with poverty.

You shall go home with me, faid I, calling an hackney coach—Let those take shame to themselves who deny a part of their wealth to merit in distress. I am proud to acknowledge myself the
friend

friend of a man of worth, though he should be in the lowest situation. And why, said I, as we drove towards home, why should a man be ashamed of his misfortunes? why should poverty call a blush upon the cheek of merit? we did not mark out our own fortunes.

But then the world, the world, Sir, will always scoff and spurn the man humbled by the griping hand of penury: nor is there an object that in general meets with more contempt from the rich and powerful, than those who have seen better days, but are reduced by unavoidable misfortunes to a dependence on their smiles.

Strange infatuation! to set themselves,

in

in the pride of their hearts, above their fellow creatures; and for what, truly? because a little more yellow dirt has fallen to their share. I believe there are but few who know the true value of riches, and fewer still reflect that they are only stewards of the wealth which the bounty of their Creator has committed to their care; and at last, when we all come to give an account of our stewardship, the man who from a truly compassionate nature has wiped the tear from the eyes of orphans, softened the fetters of the captive, or cheered the widow, will receive a greater reward than the ostentatious wretch, who, having spent his whole life in amassing treasure, on his death bed, when he can no longer enjoy it, leaves it for the endowment

of an hospital. Such a man is not charitable from his feelings for others, but an inordinate desire he has to have his own memory held in veneration.

THE

THE REPROOF.

AND do you think there are such characters in the world, said the old Lieutenant?

I fear there are too many, friend, said I.

I know not how it was, said he, but I never suspected mankind of half the vices and follies I have found in this short month that I have been in London; and even now I do not think their errors proceed half so much from the badness of their hearts as their heads. I own, continued he, it is our duty to render every service in our power to our
fellow

fellow creatures, but why should one, because he has a just sense of his duty, and discharges it faithfully, despise another because he has not the same feelings. I felt a consciousness of having, in commending benevolence, founded my own praise — it was my turn to be ashamed. — I felt abashed, and shrunk, as it were, into nothing. — Oh, man! what a poor weak creature thou art, when even in the moment of discharging thy duty, thy own heart, easily led astray, will vaunt and boast its own superiority. — The most benevolent action in the world loses its intrinsic merit, when the man who performs it says to himself, I am better than my neighbour; I am not hard hearted, nor proud, nor avaricious.

No, cries humility, but you are vain glorious.

I was quite disconcerted, and could not forgive myself.

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M

THE

THE MEETING.

I HAD ordered my servant to supply Mr. Nelson (for that was the name of the old Lieutenant) with every thing necessary for him to appear in at dinner, and then went to seek my Emma.—I found her in the garden—the young lady I had rescued last night was busy in platting a little lock of hair and placing it, in a fanciful manner, to the bottom of a picture which hung round her neck. When she had finished, she glanced her eye towards us, and thinking she was not observed, pressed it several times to her lips. I thought I saw a tear in her eye, but the chaste look, the religious fervour with which

I

she

He gazed upon the portrait, convinced me it was a tear whose source might be acknowledged without a blush.

She had dropped the picture, and, resting one arm upon a pedestal, seemed attentively watching Harriet and Lucy, who had dressed a little favourite dog in their dolls cloaths, and was teaching it to dance a minuet. — The scene was picturesque; and I know not how long I might have contemplated it with silent satisfaction, had I not observed Mr. Nelson coming toward me with eager step and anxious eye.

Tell me, who is that? said he, pointing to the young lady—but that I think

'tis impossible, I should say 'tis my Narcissa.

At the sound of his voice the young lady looked up, and, advancing a few steps, stood in an attitude of wonder and astonishment, till he pronounced the name of Narcissa; when springing like lightning to him, she threw her arms round his neck, and cried, Yes, yes, I am your child.

It would be doing injustice to the rest of the scene, were I to attempt to describe it—words could not speak the feelings of their hearts—It was a meeting between a fond father and an affectionate child—and I leave it to such to judge of their happiness.

THE REQUEST.

When we had dined, and the cloth was removed—Tell me, my dear Sir, said Narcissa, by what lucky accident you came acquainted with this gentleman, and what brought you at this time to London?

How can you ask that, my child? replied the old man; did you think your mother and myself could sit quietly down when you had been absent from us near a month, and we had never had a single line from you?

I wrote twice a week, said Narcissa, wiping her eyes—she could not

bear to hear her mother had been distressed.

The old man continued—

I was too much interested in the safety of my dear girl to be at ease under such disagreeable appearances; so leaving your mother what money I could spare, I set out to walk to London, but was prevented by this gentleman.—On my arrival in town I went to the place where the old lady resided, and was told by her servant that you were gone out of town to pass a few weeks—I walked to the place whither I was directed, but could find no such person—My little stock was almost exhausted—I went again

again to the lady's house, and was treated by her servant with insolence.

Narcissa laid her hand on his shoulder and gave him a look that I am sure would have healed every wound the servant's insolence had given his heart, though they had been a thousand.

Oh! filial love, fair daughter of gratitude, sister to piety, thou first favourite of Heaven, to whom long life and prosperous days are promised, how doth thy angel's face and soothing hand make the paternal evening of life clear and unclouded!—But I am wandering from my story.

I was now, continued Mr. Nelson,

reduced to my last shilling, and being a week in arrears for my lodging, was forced to sell my coat, and be content with an old ragged furtout—I wrote to the lady two days since, but received no answer, and was almost driven to despair—when chance again threw me in the way of this gentleman—But how am I to account for your being here, my child?—what was the cause of your neglect and silence?—I think, Narcissa, if you had known my anxiety, you would have relieved it by either coming or writing to me.

NAR-

N A R C I S S A.

THE person to whose care you entrusted me, said Narcissa, was a vile woman; and it is only by a miracle I can have escaped her snare—I never knew you was in town—I have been whirled about from one folly to another, and have been witness to such scenes of shame as made me shudder; but I was told it was usual for people of quality to lead a life of riot, which my vile preceptress termed pleasure.—A young nobleman paid me particular attention, talked much of love, and settlements, and grandeur, but never mentioned marriage—I was ever on my guard; nor, indeed, was my heart prepossessed in his
favour

favour—His person was not unpleasing, but his manner was disgusting, his morals corrupt, and his conversation unchaste——I had frequently intreated leave to return to the country; frequently wrote to you, my dear father, desiring to be commanded home—But last night, last night——

She then proceeded to give him an account of what has been already related to the reader——When she mentioned the villain's attempt upon her honour, her father looked down to the side where his sword used to hang——then at his hand——then at his child——then at his hand again——

It is not so withered, said he, but it
might

might send a sword to his heart — It is not so much unnerved, said he, rising, and placing himself in an attitude of defence, but it might make a villain tremble.

He is beneath your anger, said Narcissa, taking his hand and kissing it — this hand, said she, that so often has fought for the honour of your country shall never be sullied with the blood of a coward; for who but a coward would ruin a poor, defenceless woman.

WOMAN.

W O M A N.

WHO but a coward indeed, cried
 I, for who can look at a woman in all
 her native loveliness, helpless, unarmed,
 devoid of the least defence against the
 numerous dangers that await her; who
 that sees her sweet looks, that seem to
 speak in nature's pure language—behold
 I am at your mercy, you are my protec-
 tor, I am weak and defenceless, it is
 you must guard me—who but a bar-
 barian, after having seen woman in this
 light, would attempt to injure or insult
 her. Yet do I blush while I confess it,
 instead of remembering our duty towards
 the lovely sex, man, who was designed
 by Heaven as their friend, is become
 their

their seducer ; and the fairer the flower, the more eager are they to blast it—like the scaly snake who tries to draw to its devouring jaws the harmless bird that thoughtless hops from spray to spray ; he twines about, shews all his gilded scales, basks in the sun, rears up his crested head, and courts the little songster to his snare — It ventures first to gaze at a distance on him, then, by degrees draws nearer to admire, till, fascinated by his subtile arts, it drops into his jaws and meets destruction.

Oh ! how my heart has often bled to see so many lovely women, who were intended by nature to be the pleasing bond of society, the source of virtuous pleasures, reduced to the sad alternative
of

of perishing for want, or living on the wages of prostitution.—But oh! woman, when thou canst so far forget what is due to thy own sex as to be accessory to the ruin of the innocent, my heart swells with indignation—thou art then like the fallen angel, who, when in heaven, was the first among the bright ethereal bodies, but falling, becomes the lowest; and envious of those joys which he can never taste, exerts his arts, his malice, and deceit, to draw down others to the same dark abyss which he himself is plunged in.

THE

THE EAST INDIAN.

HE had frequently begg'd of me—and when I relieved him, returned a look of gratitude—I always feel myself interested for those poor creatures who are brought from their native country, and expos'd to all the horrors of famine in a place with whose customs and language they are entirely unacquainted—I say within myself, what a poor miserable wretch should I be if I were left in their country without money or friends—We can never feel properly the woes of another, unless we place ourselves for a few moments in their situation.

This man was generally near my
habitation,

habitation, and I often felt something like curiosity to know his history—He appeared to me superior to the common rank of beggars—I will ask him, said I, one day; perhaps it may lie in my power to make his life a little more tolerable—I sent for him to my study, and having proffered my service, inquired into his former fortunes—Christian, said he, I am a man who hold your race in utter abhorrence—I have been injured, vilely injured, by them, in return for kindness and friendship—I have my history by me, written in my own language; if you can translate it, I will bring it you; and you will then see how little I ought to depend on the word or promise of a Christian.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

